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musical adieux, so also could every other occupant of the same side of the building, whether they were nuns or servants, or the grim abbess herself. The second line was not begun when Francisco became conscious of his danger. Lights were seen flitting across the yard adjoining the garden, and the sound of the guards' voices were heard in conversation closely approaching Francisco's place of concealment. It was no time then to stir. Maintaining a perfectly motionless attitude, even holding his breath as they passed and repassed the shrubbery, he was fortunately unobserved, and the searchers turned off in another direction to seek for the intruder. As soon as the men were at a safe distance, our hero endeavored noiselessly and swiftly to retrace his steps to the wall. He had taken the precaution to observe well the aids to his footing on the inner side, where he depended on the branches of a young apricot tree to assist his ascent. He had nearly accomplished this—no easy thing, encumbered as he was with his guitar—when the guards, who had already turned in pursuit and knowing the ground better than he, came up just as his last foot was placed upon the top of the wall. They made a dash at him, but he sprang clear on the other side, unfortunately, however, leaving that portion of his guitar ribbon caught in the tree on which was embroidered his initials, a strong circumstantial witness to his identity, which was found the next morning hanging from the robber branch.

A feint at pursuit was continued, but the hiring guard were too much afraid of the application of a steel silencer to be very vigorous in pursuing their game. The offence was no slight one, but for three days all was quiet, and Francisco, keeping out of sight, began to hope that his identity had not been ascertained. But it seems the interval had been employed in a consultation between the Abbess of St. Ann's and the De Limas as to the most effectual means of permanently removing this pertinacious and audacious wooer. The affair was turned over to the willing Gonzalo to prosecute.

I CONSIDER there is a certain quantity of distempered brain in the world, which, though sure to manifest itself in some way, is often checked and diverted, or prevented from attaining its ultimate effects by the variety of absurd opinions that, in one department or another, are always to be met with or invented. The mad humor which used to be absorbed by the dreams of alchemy, witchcraft, astrology, and other exploded chimeras of the dark ages, is as rife as ever, only expended on newer and less imaginative follies.—*Clulow.*

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

LONDON, April 26, 1861.

Dear Crayon:

We are just getting into the most interesting part of our art season, and the principal annual exhibitions are coming on in rapid succession. The "New Water Color Society" opened last Saturday, the "Old Water Color Society" opens to-morrow, and the great exhibition of the Royal Academy will speedily follow. I was present at the opening of the New Water Color, and have since paid a second visit, and I am glad to report favorably on the exhibition; there is very little *bad* rubbish, and a very large number of really excellent works. I think it is the best show this society has yet presented. In landscape, W. Bennett takes the lead; his chief work, an *Evening View of the Lakes of Killarney*, is one of the best things he has ever done; he has several other works which will stand their ground beside any English landscape painter of the day. Whymper, another of our landscapists, who goes steadily and perseveringly to nature, has also some charming pictures, and shows a decided advance upon last year. McKewan is unequal, but his works are always excellent and full of truth of nature. These are the three chief landscape painters of the new society, and it would not be very easy to match them with another trio from anywhere else. Mole is another leading man, and has made a decided advance since last year. His landscape is excellent, and he might fairly be placed in the first rank of that art, but his pictures are generally named from the figures introduced, and I therefore place him between the landscape and figure painters. In coast scenes with groups of children he is admirable, and I do not know any one who can contend with him in that line.

Of sea painters, Robins is good, as usual, but rather weak, especially in his larger subjects. Edwin Hayes, who exhibited here last year for the first time, is admirable in rough sea and cloudy skies—he has no competitor in the society in this particular department, but for coast bits and sea (as well as for landscape generally) Bennett is still preëminent; his views from Hastings are perfect in their kind.

Amongst the painters of other subjects, Louis Haghe maintains his high reputation by various works. *The Artist's Studio* and *Interior of the Cathedral at Milan* are the principal, rich but not gaudy in color, and full of interest. In a very different style, Carl Werner (who exhibited in this gallery for the first time, last year) contributes architectural and historical subjects treated in a most masterly style. His *Bridge of Sighs, Venice*, with the light of the setting sun on the distant houses, and golden reflections in the water, is one of the most perfect effects of this kind I have ever seen, and his *Venice in her Pride and Power*, *The Secret Tribunal of the Three sitting in Judgment*, is the richest piece of coloring in the gallery—perhaps, on the whole, the most important work there. Harrison Weir, who is known widely by his illustrations to works on Natural History, contributes three works, all excellent in their kind. *The Voice in*

the Night, representing a nightingale perched on a spray of wild rose, singing, is a charming little poem in color: you really see the music floating out of the little singer's throat; it is a pity this artist paints so little, for no one can approach him in subjects of this sort.

I have mentioned the works of the artists who appear to me to be the leading men of the society. These are all true artists, not manufacturers of pictures, but men with heads, hearts and brains, which all coöperate in the production of their works. There are many other excellent painters in the society whom I have not time to particularize, and whose works I delight in, although not in the same degree in which I appreciate those to which I have specially referred, and there are some few whose works I do not love, but dislike exceedingly, and some who, with decided gifts of drawing and execution, insist on painting what they never saw, and fall into stereotyped conventionalities.

I have left to the last a great (I mean in superficial dimension) landscape by Edmund Warren, which is much spoken of, and much admired by many critics. It is certainly very clever, but according to my notions of art, it must take a very subordinate rank in comparison with the works of the other landscape painters to whom I have referred. This picture is wholly painted in body color, and is rather to be classed as an imitation oil painting than as a genuine work in water color. It has one very staring fault in composition—a large branch from a tree which is somewhere out of the picture, crossing the principal part of it; but the most singular feature of the work is, that part of it is spring, and part summer and autumn; green foliage—crude green, much more so than one sees in nature even in spring—on one side of the picture; a harvest on the other, brambles with pure green leaves and *ripe* fruit in the foreground, and what I take to be withered autumn leaves under the trees. I have gone into detail on this subject, because you will probably see a good many references to the work, and find that it is praised for *truth of nature*, and various other qualities. I believe the artist is capable of better things, and will do better some day, unless he is pampered and flattered into conceit and led astray by his own cleverness.

Now let us turn to something else. You know, of course, that we are to have a grand exhibition next year, and that considerable space will be devoted to works of art. Now, pray do let the Americans be well represented. Your artists, with the exception of two or three great names, which always read like English names, are scarcely known at all in this country; but this ought not to be. Art is not a local or circumscribed thing, but belongs by its proper nature to all the world, that is to say, to all the world capable of appreciating it; and your artists must not hide their heads in your little corner of the world, but just step out, whenever a fitting opportunity offers, and let others take a survey of their dimensions. They will have a good opportunity of presenting themselves, and I hope they will be induced to make a good appearance here. It will be particularly interesting to our public to see something of American landscape. We are profoundly ignorant of the features of your great country.

For myself, I do not mind confessing to you in strict confidence, that I have never been able to ascertain satisfactorily whether there are any trees in the United States, except apple trees, the existence of which I deduce logically from the fact of occasional glimpses of American apples. The popular notion of the general features of your country is that of an enormous flat plain covered with flakes of cotton, like snow, with a great river or two lazily winding their way through the midst. Pray let us be undeceived next year, for really it adds materially to the interest we feel in our friends and neighbors to know how and in what sort of places they live, and whether they sit comfortably under the shade of their own vine and fig-tree, or have no better shelter than a cluster of tobacco plants, or the leaves of a great overgrown pumpkin—as some persons do verily believe. W.

The Royal Academy exhibition is now open. Some of England's eminent artists are not represented at all, namely, Eastlake, Mulready, Maclise, Webster, Frith, Millais, Herbert and others. Of those that are, Landseer has a picture called *The Shrew Tamed*, thus described. It represents a blood mare on the straw of a stable, with a female in a riding-habit on the straw beside her, and a spaniel looking down on the group with an air of dignified observation. At first glance, the lady in the riding-habit is taken for the Tamed Shrew—some strong-willed wife—but erroneously, for it is the lady who has tamed the mare and makes a pillow of her according to the system of Mr. Rarey. The beauty of the mare, says the Examiner, is admired loudly on all sides, but there are murmurings at the position of the lady. E. M. Ward has a large work called *Whitehall during the dying moments of Charles II.*, of varied interest; T. Faed has *From Dawn to Sunset*, bringing together under the form of a death-bed scene in a cottage, the ages of man. The picture gives a touching suggestion of life's round in poverty and sorrow, but is very depressing. Art mistakes its mission in such works. We hope to have more to say of this exhibition in our next number.

The Commissioners of the Fine Arts have issued another report. An attentive student of the zigzag progress Art makes in England must ponder over some of its curious phenomena. With the best intentions and with a liberal spirit the English in art matters seem to nullify both with the poorest judgment. The decoration of the Parliament House, the Palace of Westminster, is always illustrative. A splendid structure like this one, presented, it was thought, a fine field of employment for English artists. And what is the result? Fresco pictures are executed on unsuitable walls by artists who, it is now discovered, did not understand the process, and oil pictures that cannot be placed in any position where they can be seen. It is now admitted that the building is not adapted to pictures at all. The English always begin at the wrong end—we mean the English acting collectively. Possessed with certain conceptions of desirable ends, they somehow overlook the means. If a statue is decided on, it is given to the wrong man to execute, and is always put up in the wrong place, and so with a public build-

ing, with the additional mishap of having it built with stone that decays before the structure can be finished, as is the case with this same Palace of Westminster. Where is the fault? We suppose it to be due to red-tapeism. This new ism may be defined as a disease peculiar to constitutionalism. A prime minister ranks over an architect in a royal procession, and, therefore, is entitled to control the plan and style of a royal building. Forms never can be sacrificed to function in constitutional minds. The Duke of Wellington saw Van Amburgh and his tigers, and knowing Landseer painted animals, made the artist paint the cage and contents, as the duke saw it. Taste and feeling must yield to constitutional will.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1861.

Sketchings.

Now that the whole feeling of the country is violently swelling with the war fever, now that its two great sections are about to come into deadly conflict, we hope some small margin is left upon which we may plead the cause of Art and the CRAYON. As we cannot in these times hope to add any new subscribers to our list, may we not reasonably call upon our old ones to do all they can for us. A speedy payment of their subscriptions will serve us materially and enable us to bear up against the trials of the times. To each of our subscribers the amount is but small, yet in the aggregate it is important to us. War is but temporary, the crash of a volcano, but Art is permanent, and unceasingly working for good. Let us, therefore, hope that our friends will not be unmindful of us, will supply us with the fuel of our machinery, and thereby protect art and the CRAYON from being lost in the smoke, din and dust of the war tempest.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

NEW YORK.—“Our Seventh Regiment is still at Washington,” says a correspondent, “and was at one time quartered in the midst of those panels in the Hall of Representatives, which you know were designed for national paintings. Why could not the artists of the ‘Seventh’ have had a premonition of this—it would have been so easy to have packed colors and brushes in their knapsacks, and have forced some good art on the government at the point of the bayonet. Capt. Meigs, who has so skillfully engineered for artists at Washington, might have profited by the occasion. How easy to order Corporal Gifford to stand by his colors at a landscape, and Captain Shumway to take off the heads of his company—professionally, of course. A cluster of miniatures of the gallant Seventh, and a glorious landscape of the Empire State in the Hall of Representatives, sketched by artists on duty in defence of the Capitol, would not, dear Crayon, be insignificant or valueless art to the country.” Desirable as this would be, we fear the opportunity is gone, never to return.

While on the war theme, we would make a passing allusion to the diverse and brilliant uniforms that abound in our streets. The Zouave costume and modifications of it seems to be the favorite. The red fez cap and voluminous “breeks,” jaunty blue jacket, linen gaiters and a girdle armed with a pistol and dirk, do certainly present a dashing and formidable picture. It seems fully to symbolize the Byronic temperament of Young America. Of course, this uniform is an importation, and it remains to be proved whether or not it is adapted to the conditions of warfare in our country. There is something odd in the fact that the Western man should be taking up a style of uniform which the Oriental has but lately discarded, the Turkish army being now dressed in the uniform of the European soldier.

The annual meeting of the National Academy of Design took place on the 8th ult. The following officers and new members were duly elected:

President, S. F. B. Morse.

Vice-President, Henry Peters Gray.

Corresponding Secretary, T. Addison Richards.

Recording Secretary, J. B. Stearns.

Treasurer, Thomas S. Cummings.

These officers, assisted by Messrs. D. Huntington, J. W. Casilear, J. F. Kensett, Wm. Hart, Edwin White and R. W. Hubbard, form the Council elect. The Council, assisted by Messrs. Launt Thompson and David Johnson, of the Associates, form the Committee of Arrangements for the next annual exhibition.

The following Associates were made Academicians: A. F. Bellows, James Bogle, W. S. Haseltine, David Johnson, Henry A. Loop, Jervis McEntee, A. D. Shattuck, William L. Sontag, R. M. Staigg, W. Whittredge, S. W. Rowse and J. A. Suydam.

The following artists were elected Associates of the Academy: W. H. Beard, E. Bowers, J. R. Brevoort, Chas. T. Dix, W. J. Hennessy, Thos. Le Clear, Chas. H. Moore, J. G. Brown, E. W. Nichols, F. Rondel, E. Saintin, C. G. Thompson, Geo. Q. Thorndike, John Williamson, Alex. Wust and Marcus Waterman.

Church's picture of Icebergs, called “The North,” seems to be the only artistic novelty of the day. We regard it as a remarkable painting. Whatever its merit may be in relation to its subject, it may at least be accepted as a peculiar phantasy, and enjoyed as such. There is much fine painting in this picture—startling caprices of color and effect, and exquisite imitation. The water, half rippling, half swelling into its icy bay, is an example of the latter. We do not find much of the grandeur of icebergs as the imagination pictures them floating on the ocean in stately magnificence. On the contrary, the picture suggests a mixture of glacier forms and rocky islands covered with snow, not floating but firmly anchored in some unknown sea. Half closing the eye, we fancy ourselves peeping out of the blue grotto and gazing at the island of Ischia, or some other like it, in a winter dress, wondering how it could have approached so near, and how snow could have so completely draped its rocky sides.

A large and beautiful collection of paintings donated by artists to the general Patriotic Fund, is, at the time